

# Scrambled Eggs and Sympathy Cards

*by* Anthony Van Hart

We spent that entire winter with shaky hands and shrunken egos.  
Lived off of scrambled eggs and sympathy cards -  
internally tattered-  
externally shattered.

We'd show up on Vernon Street,  
nearly every Tuesday at sundown.  
Tired eyes.  
And your face-  
worn and slightly imprinted from the palms that often harvested  
your tears,  
and your wrists,  
- pressure points -  
they still registered last night's scent.

With eager eyes  
and unsure footing,  
we'd prowl the night  
looking for the lost.

